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## The Call of Spring.

**A**WAKE! awake! O hill and brake,  
And put away thy vesture sear;  
For coming fast on Winter's wake,  
Is Spring with gladsome, happy cheer.

O sing! O sing! Ye birds on wing,  
And send the echoes ringing;  
For Spring has come with joyous swing,  
The gentle breezes bringing.

In the quick'ning dell let flowers dwell,  
From buds let leaves seek quick release;  
And over all a joy let well,  
A joy and breath of life and peace.

Then praise! O praise! with sweetest lays,  
For Beauty's all reclaiming;  
For Spring is come with balmy days,  
And naught of grief remaining.

M. F. SHEA, '06.

## Idealism of the Stage.

MAN'S whole life is a striving after ideals. In his youthful days, when his soul begins to unfold itself, there come to him visions of the beautiful and noble, of external and moral beauty, and his nature throbs in response to their appeal. As he looks into his mother's sweet and loving face and hears the kind and soothing tones of her voice, and observes her gentle actions; as he beholds his father in the dignity of manhood, noble in sentiment, wise in speech, firm of character, skilled in his work, there come to him aspirations to become like them. His youthful soul has received its first ideals.

Education and life will provide him with many more ideals; the arts will present them to him, but the most potent will ever be real men or women, that live or have lived, either in reality or in the imagination. These he can copy after; they are to him the embodiment of what he admires. It is for this reason that the dramatic art has a superiority over the other arts in that it appeals to men more directly, and employs real men and women to set forth its ideals, and not those painted on canvas, or described in the pages of a book, or sculptured in stone.

The characters of a drama transfigure and interpret actual life through the powerful means of personality. By the tones of the living voice, by the eyes and gestures and other agents of the body, they move and sway their hearers and cause them to feel and think. By a sort of magnetic influence which leaps from their own persons to those of their hearers, the latter's souls are stirred to sympathy or aversion, to pity or fear, and to all the varied emotions that slumber in man's heart. What an added interest does the

plot of a story receive from being acted! How much nearer the personages seem to us! How much more impressive the triumph of the good and the fall of the bad. The dramatic art supplies an element which no other art can employ at all or so well—action; hence the greater power of the stage.

But are the events presented on the stage within the realm of the ideal? Yes, for if they were not ideal, they would not, or should not, be there. The dramatic art, as all art, concerns itself only with the ideal. This in spite of the fact that the dramatic art is the most realistic. A true presentation of life is its object, but not of the life of the street and the country in its bald reality and merely external appearance, but of life according to its spirit, in as far as it has interest for all mankind. It is life charged with meaning and emotion, and glorified by the imagination of the poet and dramatist.

The men and women who tread the boards are not ideal in the sense that they are the most gifted or most virtuous, either personally or in the character they represent, but they are men and women that in some particular or in their whole make-up stand out above the generality. Unless they are so, they are commonplace, and of no meaning whatever on the stage. They may not be perfect, but they are endowed with some perfection, with some grace of soul or person, that makes them attractive. They are children of a poet's brain, richly endowed, past the riches with which a rich man ever endowed his children. They are ideal, yet real.

I have in view the children of Shakespeare's mind and fancy. On what an exalted and poetic plane they live and breathe! How far above the common level of life, his women as well as his men. Of the former an author has said that they are more modest, more refined than ever woman—in the purely natural order—aspired to be. And so with the men, in the qualities proper to them. What an array of noble, high-souled characters in Shakespeare alone! What a variety of manly men and womanly women! What



a wealth of culture, grace of body and soul, native and acquired, in his persons! What thoughtful seriousness in Hamlet, manliness in Macduff, majesty in Prospero, nobility of character in Brutus! What gentleness in Ophelia! What natural charm and refinement in Miranda! What queenly grace and exquisite poise of all faculties in Portia!

Furthermore, these persons move in a plane of elevated thought and feeling, and socially belong to higher society, usually to the circle of the court; and the age is that of knightly grandeur and high demeanor.

It may be objected that vulgarity is also portrayed on the stage. True, we have our Bottoms and Falstaffs. But have they not an ideal tendency? Yes, in as much as they cause us to loathe them and their actions in proportion as the noble characters attract us to their levels.

In one more respect has the stage an idealizing tendency, namely in the matter of mere external culture. In physical bearing, speech, gesture and general carriage of person and ease of deportment, it surely presents ideals that are not entirely lost upon the people. In this age of commerce and materialism and equality, it may be well to dwell again for the space of a few hours in more knightly and courteous times.

In the matter of speech we can also learn much from the stage. It is sometimes asserted, that our language has lost in musicalness and sweetness since Shakespeare; at any rate, our speech is not as musical, modulated, nor is our enunciation and articulation as good as it should be. How clear and perfect the words drop from the lips of good actors, so different from the harsh, grating, indistinct jumble of sounds that issue from the mouths of so many people in the street. A good actor's speech falls like music on the ear, clear and well-defined; it penetrates into every corner of the hall, even in its faintest whisper; it rises and falls in pleasing cadence, a delightful and ever-changing melody.

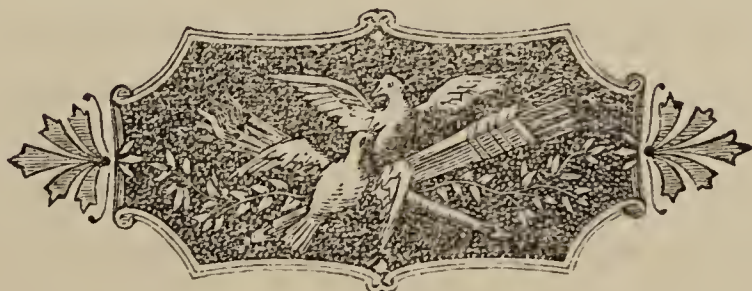
In addition to speech the actor employs every other agent of expression, the face, hands and other parts, until the body itself grows eloquent, and the man as he stands

before us, is the very embodiment of the idea. He has made the body what it was meant by God to be, a perfect instrument of expression for the activities of the soul. And in "the very whirlwind of passion they beget a temperance that may give it smoothness,"—which again is the mark of culture, for its end is rather to smoothen and control the ardors or passions of men than to extinguish them. In the matter of external culture, therefore, which is so much affected nowadays, the stage exerts an idealizing influence.

If the stage is a means of culture to the spectators, it is the more so to the actors. It is not surprising, then, that the dramatic art is cultivated at colleges. To say the least, it is a valuable accessory to other studies, especially to those of language and literature. In cultivating the organs of the body as agents of expression, and making the body responsive to the behests of the mind and soul, the dramatic art may be said to complete the education.

Whether the stage of to-day has in every respect an idealizing influence, or whether it tends, in some points, to make the people more vulgar, is another question, which is not for us to determine. Its true mission, as far as it is a fine art, one that deals with men more directly and intimately than any other, is to uplift; and a play, to be at all worthy of being presented, should be noble.

JOS. SEIMETZ, '07.





## “Bread Returned.”

**H**ULLY GEE ! Hi, fellers, come on ! a scrap, a scrap ! These and other slang phrases were wafted to the ears of the nondescript paper merchants of the New York Herald.

The place of the encounter was an alley in the rear of the “Herald Building.” As the numerous urchins reached the scene of battle, a ring was hastily formed by the larger boys, while the younger inexperienced ones scaled telegraph poles or sought a safe place on the stairs leading to the editor’s room, piping out in high-keyed voices: “Soak’im, Peck ! Pepper ’im, Snyder ! Give it to the Sheeney.”

“Peck” Snyder seemed to have the crowd with him, while the shivering little Jew was all alone.

Upon hearing the encouraging cries of the eager spectators, “Peck” smiled a smile of triumph, and started for the Jew.

They circled about cautiously, waiting for an opening. The Jew lowered his guard for an instant, but “Peck” was awaiting such a move, and charging quickly, he landed a hard left swing to the Jew’s side. The force of the blow staggered the poor fellow, and the cry of exultation that rent the air, struck terror to his heart.

Round and round they circled, and “Peck” seeing another opening rushed madly at his opponent. This time, however, the Jew stepped nimbly aside, and his right fist shot out, catching the astonished “Peck” back of the ear. Smack ! Biff ! Crack ! Three blows followed in quick succession, and the gasping crowd was silent with amazement.

Was it possible that “Peck” Snyder, the “Bully of Newspaper Alley,” had at last met his match in the person of the little Jew ?

A wave of aversion and disgust swept over the on-lookers, and when the Jew landed a left swing on "Peck's" chin and planted a right between "Peck's" eyes, the Jew immediately rose in favor with the crowd.

"Bully fer de "Banana Man"! Go it, Ikey! Smear him, Jerusalem!"

The Jew suited the action to the word, and rained a storm of blows on the swollen and tear-stained face of "Peck."

"Peck" hearing the jeers of the boys and realizing that his prestige was vanishing, made a final effort, and once more rushed at the Jew, but "Ikey" again stepped aside and planted a crushing blow back of "Peck's" ear, which ended the fight. Cries of victory and exultation rent the air, and the Jew was taken on the shoulders of the admiring throng and carried off in triumph.

"Peck" arose and sat on the steps. All the fight was taken out of him, and he was the picture of misery and despair. All his friends had forsaken him, and he was sadly bemoaning his loss.

Slowly up the alley came the figure of an old lady. She carried a crutch in one hand and in the other a basket of pop-corn balls which she was wont to sell to the newsboys. She was called "Mother Meg, the Good Angel of the Alley," and many a homeless waif had benefited by her motherly advice and assistance. She was loved and revered by all.

Nearer she came and sat beside the grief-stricken boy. "Poor Peck", she said, "how often have I told you how wicked it is to fight? I am so sorry you have been fighting again. How often have I asked you to stop fighting? O my! O my! Boys will be boys!"

"Peck" listened to her patiently, her calm sweet words having a soothing effect on him, and ere long he ceased crying, chewed vigorously on a pop corn ball, and smiled brightly.

"Mother Meg" gave him a parting word of advice and another pop-corn ball, after which she departed, satisfied that "Peck" would stop fighting and would mend his ways.

"I'd do anything for her," muttered "Peck" as he watched the bent form of the old lady disappear in the distance; "she's the only friend I've got, and I'm goin' to quit scrappin' and do as she says. 'Taint no fun scrappin', anyhow, 'specially when you get licked. Ugh!"

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It was noon. Broadway and 5th Str. were strewn with automobiles, wagons, carriages and drays.

"The New York Fire Corps" were busy at work on a fire, and thus impeded the progress of the vehicles. The impatient pedestrians waiting to cross the street, sweltered in the mid-day sun and anxiously waited for the network to open.

Finally the vehicles moved slowly onward. Then followed a general rush of the pedestrians, pushing and shoving and hurrying to the other side.

"Mother Meg" was among this number. She had disposed of the pop-corn balls, and was on her way to her lodgings to get a fresh supply for the afternoon.

Going slowly across the street, and evading the wagons as best she could, she had just crossed in front of a pair of spanking grays and gave a quick step forward, when to her dismay she beheld a heavy express wagon bearing down upon her. For the moment she was so dazed that she could neither go backward nor forward. The driver shouted for her to jump as he tugged viciously at the reins. But she stood still, and a cry of horror came from the pedestrians.

Would no one save her?

Yes! A little urchin had watched her when she started to cross the street, and he kept as close to her as he could. He took in the situation at a glance, and launching forward, gave her a vigorous push which sent her to the pavement in a heap.

The people who witnessed this brave act sent up a cheer that rang down the thorough-fare. But the brave little hero did not hear the mighty shouts. After he had pushed the old lady from the path of the large steeds, he



had fallen flat upon his face right under the hoofs of the horses.

The rush of vehicles immediately stopped, and a crowd of admiring and sympathetic people gathered around him.

Mr. F. M. Cary, the noted philanthropist, had witnessed the brave act of the boy and hurried to where the injured hero lay.

An ambulance soon drove up, and Mr. Cary mounting with the driver told him to drive to the "Sisters' of Mercy Hospital".

"Mother Meg" had by this time collected her scattered wits and insisted on accompanying the boy to the hospital. She accordingly installed herself on a leather cushion and supported the bruised head of "Peck". On the way the old lady gave full vent to her grief and frequently kissed the blood-stained brow of her youthful preserver.

The ambulance halted in front of the hospital and a dirty-faced, curly-headed Jew hopped nimbly off the step of the ambulance and gazed with tear-stained eyes at the pale-faced youth on the stretcher. Catching hold of "Mother Meg's" apron he pleaded with her to let him go into the hospital with her and watch over "Peck."

Recognizing the hero of the morning's encounter she thought it strange that he should desire to be near "Peck", but upon hearing from the Jew that he and "Peck" had parted an hour after the fight the best of friends, she readily consented.

The attending physician, after making an examination, pronounced the case hopeless, as the boy had sustained serious internal injuries. In all probability he would die before evening.

Throughout that entire sultry afternoon the suffering urchin remained unconscious, and as the rays of the sinking sun grew fainter and fainter, his soul soared on its flight to its Maker.

The two faithful watchers wept bitterly at his death and praised him to the highest. Mr. Cary made arrangements for "Peck's" funeral, at which the "Herald Boys"

under the leadership of the young Jew turned out in full force.

Coming home from the funeral the Jew praised "Peck" highly, and "Mother Meg" extolled his virtues, and between broken sobs exclaimed, "Bread cast upon the water always returns tenfold."

JNO. J. GALLAGHER. '09!



## Ripples.

When my heart would throb in music,  
Leave me where the silence thrills;  
Where the sunbeams cast no shadows,  
Where the meadows know no gloom!

When my soul would breathe in music  
Let me dream by fancy's rills;  
As they ripple o'er the meadows,  
Where lyrics in the sunshine bloom!

V. W. M. '06.

## Sympathy.

**T**O each man comes his bitter end of grief  
Wherein his heart is sore; and slowly then  
The moments creep along: the world seems cold,  
And darkening shadows thickening into mists  
Hang threatening o'er his future way. Perchance,  
The dim cold light that fills thy brother's eye  
Once beamed with glow of Christian hope. Perchance,  
Ambition's wasting spark still lingers there,  
Ere Hope expires in smoke of black despair.

Not few there are while onward now they tread  
With aching feet from childhood's thorny way,  
Who never knew a father's watchful care  
Nor warmth of mother's love. Who can forget  
When mother's kiss and sympathizing word  
Would cure our ills and soothe our aching hearts,  
And yet, when now we hear a cry of pain,  
Some little one his grief to us imparts,  
"A passing thing", we say; "'tis but a child".

Many a sad and dear consoling word  
Is said to him that's gone. That soft caress  
Soothes not the marble brow; the sobs of grief  
Throb not the heart that is so still. The least  
Of that fair wreath of flowers, timely given,  
Life's road with sweetest fragrance might have strewn,  
And sent the weary soul rejoicing home.

O Sympathy, thou pearl of greatest price,  
Life's ocean depths without thy rays are dark,  
And monsters huge are made more hideous still  
By groping in the gloom. Send forth thy rays,  
Disclose thy rosy bed, with radiant hues  
Direct the broken light from earth to heaven.

LEO FAUROT, '08.



## John Burroughs.

DURING these days when the calendar, if not the weather, reminds me of the return of spring, "Wake-Robin" came to my mind, and along with it the name of the author, since there is no long stretch from book to author, especially not in the case of John Burroughs. He is the leading character and the center of attraction in all his works. It is indeed this personal element in his writings which gives them their charm. Comparing the difference between scientific nature study, and nature study simply for recreation and aesthetic culture, the author himself takes occasion to emphasize the importance of personality in writing, saying: "But if I relate the bird in some way to human life, to my own life—show what it is to me and what it is in the landscape and the season,—then do I give to my reader a live bird and not a labeled specimen."

To get a good understanding of the life of Burroughs, there is no better way than to read his works. On this point he says himself: "I cannot bring myself to think of my books as "works", because so little "work" has gone to the making of them. *It has all been play.* I have gone a fishing, or camping, or canoeing, and new literary material has been the result. My corn has grown while I loitered and slept. The writing of the book was only a second and finer enjoyment of my holiday in the fields or woods. Not till the writing did it really seem to strike in and become part of me."

Like a great many other writers, Burroughs' origin was very humble. Born on a farm at Roxbury, N. Y., in 1837, he has ever since been a true child of the soil. School alternating with farm work, were his first occupations. But it seems that "the knowledge never learnt of schools"

has proven in his career to be the most valuable. Jay Gould, who became later on a multi-millionaire, was a chum of his during these school days, but Burroughs, who believes that "the most precious things have no commercial value", found that "God's first temples" were more attractive than the "Stock Exchange". He preferred to live poor and think high. In his essay "The Invitation", we learn in what this high thinking consisted, and to what he owed his humble start in life. "Years ago", he says, "when quite a youth, I was rambling in the woods one Sunday, with my brothers, gathering black birch, wintergreens etc., when, as we reclined upon the ground, gazing vaguely up into the trees, I caught sight of a bird, that paused a moment on a branch above me, the like of which I had never before seen or heard of. How the thought of it clung to me afterward! *It was a revelation.* It was the first intimation that I had had that woods we knew so well held birds that we knew not at all.

Composition-writing was not an easy matter for him at school; and he is said to have worked arithmetic problems of his fellow-students in exchange for a composition. But the above "revelation" clung to him, and as the art of composition became clearer to him during his several years at an academy, he took up the pen while a government clerk at Washington in 1863. He was the keeper of a vault which contained several millions of greenbacks, and as he had plenty of leisure time, he took up the practice of essay writing, using as his themes the field and wood life of his boyhood days. The result was "Wake Robin", published in 1871. Of this work he says: "How my mind reached from the iron wall in front of me, and sought solace in memories of the birds and of summer fields and woods!" It is possibly owing to this feeling that entered into the work that, as S. A. Baldus says, "Wake-Robin" is considered by many of the readers of Mr. Burroughs' works his best book; and, indeed, there is a charm and freshness about it which perennially endears it to the lover of Nature." And commenting upon Burroughs' standing among men of letters he remarks: "There are three American men of letters who not only



drew their inspiration from Nature, but also depicted it in splendid word coloring; and these three men are Bryant, Thoreau, and Burroughs. Bryant studied and felicitously reproduced the varying moods of Nature in musical verse, and with poetic sweetness sang her praises; Thoreau made Nature so intimate a part of himself that his personality is invariably blended in his depictions, and it is difficult to separate one from the other. But Nature seems to have taken Mr. Burroughs more thoroughly into her confidence, and gifted as he is with a high degree of literary art, he reveals to us with grace and candor the hidden beauties and innermost mysteries of his loved mistress."

It is in "Wake-Robin" that Burroughs sets forth the value of the study of ornithology,—its delight, its fresh, eager inquiry, its fascination. "It fits so well with other things—with fishing, hunting, farming, walking, camping out—with all that takes one to the fields and woods." With ornithology we get one more resource, one more avenue of delight, a new interest in the fields and woods, a new moral and intellectual tonic, a new key to the treasure-house of nature.

Following "Wake-Robin" came "Winter Sunshine", which was written at the same desk in 1872. The predominant tone of this work is its optimism. Winter is certainly not an out-of-door season, and the snow-covered fields are blanks in the minds of most people. As Burroughs says, "Winter drives a man back upon himself, and tests his powers of self-entertainment." But in this volume "the exhilarations of the road" are set forth, and the words, written upon the white page by the "snow walkers", are indeed interesting and instructive to one who understands the word-signs: a method of shorthand, as it were, capable of being deciphered by one who understands the system. Burroughs' "Winter Neighbors" are pleasant company after we have cultivated their friendship for some time, but we must leave our warm, cozy parlors, and become inured to the bracing oxygen, in order to become acquainted with these shy folks. Then we will learn to interpret Nature; which, as Burroughs



says, "is to draw her out, to have an emotional intercourse with her, absorb her, and reproduce her tinged with the colors of the spirit."

In 1873, Mr. Burroughs left Washington and took up his residence on the Hudson, some fifty miles from New York City. Here he has resided ever since. However, his work in the vineyard and on the farm has occasionally been interrupted by excursions to the mountains, to Canada, England and recently to Jamaica. All these out-door rambles have been reproduced in his several works. His trip to England in "Fresh Fields", to Canada in "Locusts and Wild Honey", to Maine in "Signs and Season". "Pepacton" contains his essay "An Idyl of the Honey Bee", which is indeed a gem among essays, showing his powers of observation, and clearness and felicity of expression.

In fact this clearness of expression is the predominant characteristic of his style. It is an outward expression of a simple man. His books are intimately united with his life, and as his life has been simple, simplicity has been stamped upon all his works. "The fruit falls not far from the tree"; and this applied to the literary artist, Burroughs, in his essay "Before Genius", has expressed in this law: "It is as true as any law of hydraulics or statics, that the workmanship of a man can never rise above the level of his character. He can never adequately say or do anything greater than he himself is. There is no such thing, for instance, as deep insight into the mystery of Creation, without integrity and simplicity of character."

In the following passage, plucked from the same essay, Burroughs gives expressions to the importance, necessity, and influence of the man behind his book: "Only those books are for the making of men, into which a man has gone in the making. . . . Strong native qualities only avail in the long run; and the more these dominate over the artificial endowments, sloughing or dropping the latter in the final result, the more we are refreshed and enlarged. Who has not, at some period of his life, been captivated by the rhetoric and fine style of nearly all the popular authors of a certain

sort, but at last waked up to discover that behind these brilliant names was no strong, loving man, but only a refined taste, a fertile invention, or a special talent for some kind or other."

And again: "Can there be any doubt about the traits and outward signs of a noble character, and is not the style of an author the manners of his soul?"

Judging by these literary standards what can we say of the writings of Burroughs? Those who are familiar with his writings, those who have been led under his gentle tutorship to read the meaning of the commonplace though marvelous phenomena of earth and sky, who have accompanied him in spirit on his expedition in order "to press the pulse of our old mother by mountain, lakes and stream, and know what health are in her veins," will agree with me in saying that the fruit is good, wholesome and stimulating. The tree that has produced this fruit has struck its roots deep into the earth, and has found there the best materials for its vigorous growth. Such trees are rare, owing possibly to the want of demand for such fruit; but the seed from this tree sown thirty-five years ago has been scattered throughout the land, and already new trees are springing up producing fruit which is finding a greater market year by year.

"Nothing in a first-class man can be over-looked; he is to be studied in every feature,—in his physiology and phrenology, in the shape of his head, in his brow, his eye, his glance, his nose, his ear, his voice." Before me lies a photograph of Mr. Burroughs standing in the door of "Slab-sides," the rustic house which he built several years ago on his little celery farm a mile or more back from the Hudson. What a fine physique for a septuagenarian! How free and firm he stands there in the doorway! How sharply the eye-brows are knitted, how lofty the forehead! What fine "records" that brain must contain of the songs of birds, the odors of wild flowers, the rushing of waterfalls and cataracts, the sighing and moaning of winds, the sounds of the wild creatures, the roarings of the sea! How venerable the white flowing beard! It might seem vulgar to call attention



to the nose, but Mr. Burroughs shows in many passages of his writings the value of cultivating the olfactory sense. Think of the odors of the wild flowers, and the gentle gales laden with the pollen of the spring orchards that he has inhaled since his youth! And then the organ of hearing! Through it the soul has been exalted. Listen to the final paragraph of his essay "In the Hemlocks:" "Mounting toward the upland again, I pause reverently as the hush and stillness of twilight come upon the woods. It is the sweetest, ripest hour of the day. And as the hermit thrush's evening hymn goes up from the deep solitude below me, I experience that serene exaltation of sentiment of which music, literature and religion, are but the faint types and symbols.

Of the value of such natural stimuli in education, Emerson has given us a beautiful and true expression in the following lines: "The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, whose senses have been nurtured by their fair and appealing changes, year after year, without design or heed, shall not lose their lessons in the roar of cities and the broil of politics. Long hereafter, amid agitation and terror in national councils, the solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre, as fit symbols for the language of the hour. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountain, putting the spells of persuasion, the keys of power, into his hand."

Such an enthusiasm and love for Nature, Burroughs has awakened in the minds of thousands; and when we realize the far-reaching results of such education, we cannot overestimate the good that has and will result from the study of his works.

AUGUST J. WITTMANN, '09.



## To Daniel O'Connell.

O brightest hero flame, to ever flash  
Across the dark expanse of Erin's gloom,  
To leave a streak of glorious light  
To gleam undimmed forever there.  
A hero! no,—in grander accents lisp,  
O Celtic Muse, that name  
That clear in Erin's sunburst gleams  
With splendor dazzling pure.  
Let Tara's harp awake her slumb'ring chords  
To quiver with the music of that name—  
O'Connell, Erin's savior, Erin's son.  
Nevermore will thy bright image feel  
A shadow dark or breath of blame,  
But cherished and unstained will always have  
In every Irish heart a shrine.

But once that heart unhonored throbbed  
That warmly beat with Erin's fevered pulse;  
When wildly Britain's anger flashed  
Around that noble brow.  
Alone, sublime and strong thou stoodst  
Against the heaving floods of scorn,  
Without thy country's love;  
And with blazing words like fiery darts  
Thou didst cow the British lion to fear.

If thou, O'Connell, hadst not lived and fought,  
Thy Erin would have died disgraced.  
How sadly didst thou gaze  
Upon thy country's wasted heaths  
Where once the warmth of Irish hearths,  
The rose's fragrance vied!  
Where once full many a Celtic heart  
To Freedom's music throbbed!

A tear—a patriot's purest tear,  
Upon the tyrant trodden meadows fell,  
And gently trickled from thy manly lids,  
As early springtime's freshet pure;  
Until the tempest o'er, and spring returning,  
The gentle flower of hope was born.  
O may it blossom forth,  
To live forever, and forever green!

We're proud, O'Connell, in thy gloried deeds,  
O Catholic Erin's champion bold!  
O mighty arm, that struck those galling chains  
From holy, tender wounds;  
O noble breast, e'er bared to Freedom's breeze,  
With simple faith entwined.

Live on, O name, immortal, grand,  
Through ages yet to be;  
Live on, where envy touches not thy fame;  
Live on, wherever beats an Irish heart;  
Live on, till dearest Erin will be free!

VICTOR W. Meagher, '06.



## The Quality of Pathos in Dickens.

AS from the sublime to the ridiculous it is but a step, so from the humorous to the pathetic. Dickens, one of the closest students of human nature, takes this step again and again, and becomes one of the greatest writers of pathos.

If the strength of Dickens were analyzed, it would not be found in the plots of his stories, for they are of such a nature that it is difficult to remember the points of a single one; neither would it be found in humor alone, for without any other characteristic Dickens would not live; but it is his pathos added in equal parts to his humor that gives him a claim on the interest of mankind. It is true that his humor finds readier expression in the minds of his readers, but that is caused by the fact that man is a merry animal, and prefers to look at life in a bright light, and to dismiss anything savoring of sadness from his mind. Humor is on the surface, and pathos a little below it.

Many writers try to be pathetic and are failures, because they exaggerate too much; but those, like Dickens, who lead us into the very homes of their characters and describe them with such an air of truth that we must believe, are successful.

In real life and good fiction, there are different degrees of pathos: in one man we discover pathos and in another placed in the same position we consider it anything but pathos. It all depends how much claim the person has upon our sympathy or love.

In other authors we may meet with much that is pathetic, but I know of few characters, outside Dickens, that are altogether so. For example: In "Mrs. Wiggs of the cabbage Patch," we find pathos in Mrs. Wiggs, and our hearts go out to her, but we close the book with the feeling that Mrs.



Wiggs is now on the road to prosperity and that her hardships are over. Some characters in Dickens also have a happy ending, but our knowledge of the long period in which they suffered leaves the prevailing impression, and we think of them only in a pathetic light. Furthermore, pathos in Dickens is recognized *only* by long acquaintance. We do not select one of his characters in the first chapters as the object of pathos. It is only after we know his life, deeds, and end, that we can really say whether a character is pathetic, for although Dickens never leaves one in doubt as to the nature of a character, he sometimes changes his pathos into humor. Here I would remark that when one of Dickens' characters discovers that he is pathetic, he straightway becomes humorous by his self-pity. Young John Chivery, after a life long devotion to Little Dorrit, discovers all has been in vain, and then writes epitaphs to himself in the most ridiculous terms.

Regarding Tom Pinch, we have so little in the beginning with which to form an opinion, that it is only after a number of meetings that we realize how lovable Tom is, and how pathetic his life has been.

In William and Frederic Dorrit we see two examples of the instability of an early placed sympathy. William is a gentleman, compelled to enter a debtors' prison. His evident distress arouses us to the utmost, but when his self-respect deserts him and selfishness takes its place, he loses that first sympathy long before he has become arrogant in his prosperity.

Pathos is sometimes in the situation, sometimes in the character, and again in both. Dickens employs both in nearly all of his works, especially in "Little Dorrit." With the exception of the "Sketches by Boz," which contain pen pictures of actual events, this last work contains more prominently pathetic characters than any other. Little Dorrit, in my opinion, rivals Little Nell, for Nell was but a child and she could not and did not have a full comprehension of her own misery, but Little Dorrit, born in a prison, with a daily acquaintance with wretchedness, had

just enough communication with the outside world to appreciate the condition of her father and his fellow prisoners. Hers was a life of self-sacrifice, and she was only rewarded by becoming the wife of a comparatively poor man, Arthur Clennam. A very good idea of her is obtained from her conversation about Maggy, another extremely pathetic subject. In Maggy, by the way, we see the author's ability to use misfortunes, which relate not only to the loss of riches but to the loss of personal beauty and intellect, as the ground work for pathos.

"When Maggy was ten years old," said Little Dorrit, watching her face while she spoke, "she had a bad fever, sir, and she has never grown older ever since."

"Ten year old," said Maggy, nodding her head," but what a nice hospital! So comfortable, wasn't it? Oh, so nice it was! Such a ev'nly place!"

"She had never been at peace before, sir," said Little Dorrit, speaking low and turning towards Arthur for an instant, "and she always runs off on that: "Such beds there is there!" cried Maggie. "Such lemonades! Such oranges! Such delicious bread and wine! Such chicking! Oh, *ain't* it a delightful place to go and stop at." Just think of anyone comparing a hospital to Heaven! From this we can see the pathos in the poverty and want of so many of England's as also of our own people of the slums. Oh, the pitiable misery of it!

Harsh treatment is another stronghold of Dickens, of which Tom Pinch and "Rumty" Wilfer are exponents. They have many points in common, but "Rumty", like Little Dorrit, conveys the idea of some ability, whereas Tom is absolutely weak. The patience, with which "Rumty" bears the peppery temper of his wife and the petty tyrannies of his daughter, secures our warmest sympathy. Numerous other side lights make him a very interesting little gentleman.

How often do we find actual instances of such lives, and, sad to say, how much oftener do we find the case reversed. In Mercy Pecksniff we have a combination of studies. She was primarily a hypocrite and she is finally punished, but



in a most miserable way. She is an example of the faithful, patient and brutally abused wife, and we are obliged to forget the past and lend her our sympathy.

Dickens touches upon almost every pathetic subject, and on some that are so far beyond the ordinary imagination that it almost seems contrary to life; for instance, the utter lack of friends. We all have our friends and we all know, how much consolation there is in pouring our troubles into the ears of those friends. Now imagine the state of one who for eighteen years has heard no friendly voice, and has received nothing but blows and general ill treatment. Such a one was Smike in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and he is so real and his circumstances are in such a condition, that we leave the probability of such a thing unquestioned. He is most wretched, and perhaps the only character who has no cheerful aspect. Nearly all of the other pathetic characters occasionally express a cheer of heart; as, for instance, Tiny Tim. There is not so much pathos in himself, his surroundings produce the idea; but at the same time we feel the warm glow of cheerfulness in the whole atmosphere in which he lives. Toby Veck in the "*Chimes*" is another character of the same nature; and here I may say that in all his works, Dickens made no failure in describing life till he wrote his *Christmas Carols*. In the person of Bertha Plummer in the "*Cricket on the Hearth*," we find the only impossible character. The ideas connected with Bertha are full of the deepest pathos, but she differs very much from blind people in the world. Dickens forgot the great sensitive power, which every blind person has; nevertheless, no one reads the *Cricket on the Hearth* without sympathizing with her.

There are many more instances of the pathetic in Dickens, and all are so clear cut that we have no difficulty in remembering each one. This is due no doubt to the method, the author employs in closing his stories—in a few words, and disposing of his characters in such a way that none but first impressions remain with us.

Dickens appeals to us, because there is so much of the



emotional element in his stories. An examination of the best short-stories each month will reveal the fact that they appeal more to the heart than to the head, and so it is with Dickens. Nothing so moves the heart as pity and sympathy, and this it is what Dickens bespeaks for his characters. That it may not be altogether sad he imparts to it the warm glow of his humor, and thus finds a message of cheerfulness in an atmosphere of gloom.

In teaching us to be charitable and sympathetic, he has done us a great good; furthermore, he has taught us the value of pathos in fiction. Through it we stir the heart to its depths, and make a much more lasting impression than through any appeal to the intellect or the imagination.

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06.



## At the Tomb.

AT early dawn on Easter-day,  
Came Magdalen her love to pay;  
With alabaster spices sweet,  
And ointments for the Savior's feet.

This tribute Mary brought in vain,  
Her Savior dead has risen again;  
And purple morn awakes to see  
Him gone from tomb to Galilee.

O Mary, sinner happy, blest !  
Thrice blest thy love in Jesus' quest,  
Who restless like the dove of old  
With Him content, through Him consoled.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS. '07.

## The Chorus.

ANCIENT Greece is the birthplace of dramatic art, as it is of all the arts. In its fruitful plains and valleys, under a genial sky, lived a race of men, who were not only clear and deep thinkers, but lovers of the beautiful, and the greatest masters of form the world has ever known. The Greek mind applied itself also with peculiar felicity to the drama. At a time when Greece was at its highest in prosperity and culture, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides wrote those sublime dramas which will ever rank among the world's greatest productions of genius.

The differences between the Greek drama and the Gothic or modern are very great, in spirit as well as in form. Notable as a difference in the outward form is the Chorus, which was a distinctive feature of the ancient drama, but has been altogether discarded in the modern. In the present article this shall claim our attention.

The origin of the Chorus, out of which the classic drama evolved, is shrouded in the deepest religious mysteries. The uncouth inhabitants of early Greece loved to assemble on stated occasions to celebrate the great Bacchanalian festivals; and on account of the extreme wildness and weirdness of the surroundings they gathered together not in magnificent embellished temples, or royal palaces, but on the open greensward with the "infinite meadow of heaven" for their canopy. Here they offered their homages and sacrifices to Bacchus. Before his rude and rustic altar, which was reeking with the blood of animals, the feats and adventures of the god were drastically portrayed. Then the women and children dressed in their holiday attire, and the men wrapped in their goatskins, would impersonate the jovial Satyrs, who were supposed to accompany the roving

god. Amidst shouting, dancing and singing they would proclaim the eulogies of the divine hero.

Throughout the entire range of the Grecian drama, the poets have retained the Chorus as the most vital organ for dramatic effect. This was due chiefly to its great aid for the imagination, and to its imposing character on the senses. Its size and nature adapted itself to circumstances, but in all cases was it the most conspicuous factor on the stage. The Grecian golden age dramatists raised both drama and Chorus to the zenith of Grecian perfection. They reduced its numbers to fifty, and eventually excluded all male and aged characters. The state chose the fittest artists to superintend and train the maidens, who deemed it the highest honor to be assigned a part in the Chorus. No wealth was spared, no means left untried, to enhance the beauty and dignity of the ancient Chorus.

The exterior functions of the Chorus were most symbolic, stately and ideal. As the solemn and dignified handmaid of the Periclean drama, its action and scope was not hemmed by laws. A free-born child of the imagination it revelled in its own exhibition. Now it charms the ear with harmonious and majestic cadences, now it stirs the heart with sentiments of joy and sorrow, admiration and horror; now it trips fastastically before our eyes in strophes, antistrophes and epodes, everywhere manifesting a splendor and dexterity suitable more to nymphs and deities than to mortal clay. Not unfrequently did it assume mythical guise and character, to proclaim heaven's vengeance and punish wanton crime. The terrifying features of the maidens in the garb of Furies would then agitate the audience as "a sea in tempest torn by warring winds". It is related that in Athens such a sight once paralyzed men with terror, caused women to faint and children actually to perish. This catastrophe led to the further restriction of the Chorus to fifteen members.

The intrinsic worth and nature of the Chorus lies mostly in the ideal character it represents. In the imagination of the poet it soared above the limited circle of dramatic



action. With an omniscient eye it viewed the past and peered into the future, to draw general conclusions of life and proclaim the doctrines of wisdom. Kings, heroes, and dames would then be summoned before its bar of justice. Again it would reflect as in a mirror the conscience of both audience and actors. The emotions and thoughts of each it expressed in the most lyrical strains. As a mediator it lamented or reprimanded the hero; but also compassionated the weary soul in the tenderest accents. By prayer and supplication it importuned the gods to turn blind fortune's wheel, to raise the wretched and crush the haughty. Horace most beautifully and distinctly described the functions of the Chorus:—

“The Chorus should support what action wants,  
And hath a generous and a manly part:  
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid justice,  
And strict observance of impartial law,  
Sobriety, security, and peace:  
And begs the gods to turn blind fortune's wheel,  
To raise the wretched and pull down the proud;  
But nothing must be sung between the acts  
But what somehow conduces to the plot.”

Thus the deepest and most enigmatical problems of life are solved and reproduced in the honeyed language of the poet. The Chorus is moved by the exterior events, but simultaneously elevated to the ideal. It is exalted above the material world, to contemplate truth, freedom, humanity, beauty, and art; and its reproduction is that sublime effusion of poetry which ever pleases and never palls.

But we might ask whether the Chorus was really necessary in the classic drama, or was it but the “glass of fashion and the mould of form”? A little reflection and investigation must convince us that its poetic influence alone preserves the antique tragedy from degenerating into pure realism of action. It links the diverse actions, scenes, and acts into one grand unit. The mythical life of gods, kings, and heroes were universally witnessed, and consequently required universal representation. The intense re-

ligiousness of ancient tragedies, moreover, seldom permitted any humor or wit to relax the minds of actors and audience. The Chorus supplied this cogent need of man's compound nature.

Upon first thought we may deplore the loss of all this magnificence, this gorgeous pomp, this dignified grandeur in the modern drama; but what is lost in exterior effectiveness is won in truth, feeling, and real life.

Shakespeare's sublime soliloquies in Hamlet, Richard III., Macbeth, his many humorous and diverting scenes—the representatives of the Chorus—amply compensate for the loss of the Chorus. While the ancient art is complete in itself, as all art is, yet it is but the majestic rising of the sun to Shakespeare's noon-day brilliancy, warmth, and strength. The narrow classic traditions of the Ancient drama yield with honor their place of fame to the unlimited stage of real life in the Gothic. The Fatum, the evil genius of all paganism, no longer governs the action of man, but Free Will sits untrammelled and absolute master over all faculties and actions. The beautiful shadows and images of fancy of the classic drama please, but the high ideality of "wakening reason and ruling conscience" of the Gothic touch a chord nearer to the heart.

CELESTINE FRERICKS, '06.



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## Editorials.

IT HAS BEEN REMARKED by one or other of our readers that they would like to see more personal and local matter in the "Collegian". Now it is true that a college journal is not only a literary magazine, but also a medium of news between the college and its friends, and that the news columns are usually scanned more eagerly than the heavier literary department; still, it should be borne in mind that news are necessarily few at the College. Our reporters are fairly vigilant, and we think that nothing of importance has escaped their notice. Concerning our outside friends we can chronicle little, as they are evidently averse to appear in print. We might possibly elicit some information from them by sending a representative to request an interview, but for that our funds are insufficient.



On looking over the different departments—editorial, society, personal, athletic, and local—our friends will find a good many news in each issue.

We must state, though, that since the "Collegian" changed from a monthly to a bi-monthly we have several times suppressed local matter for want of space, being desirous to make the literary department varied and attractive in contents. We hope this will not be necessary in future.

At present the "Collegian" contains more reading matter than ever before, owing to the fact that it is single leaved and printed in wider page-form, but we shall probably add a few more pages next year to make ample room for personal and local news.

We again request our outside friends to aid us in making these departments interesting and complete.

As to the "local", it shall always be our endeavor, to make it a department of humor and pleasantry, reflecting the tone and spirit of the student-body, especially in the hours of recreation.



OUR RETREAT is now a thing of the past, but its fruits, let us hope, are still matter of the present and future. We can never thank Father George, our Retreat Master, enough for the hard work he underwent in our behalf, nor the Reverend Faculty for giving us the opportunity of making this Retreat.

Father George has the happy knack of relating the right story at the right place, and this made his sermons and meditations full of interest. Owing to the repeated admonitions about the observance of silence, this was the best Retreat which has been made for a number of years.



ONE OF THE SERMONS during Retreat had for its subject the Necessity of Knowing our Religion. Many of those who ask questions about our Religion are not sincere in their desire to learn the truth, but they ask in order that

they may insult you by showing their hatred for Catholics and the Catholic Church. Regarding such individuals it is not worth while to be able to answer their objections; but there are usually sincere persons present, and if you are not able to explain the point in dispute, it can have only a bad effect. It has been repeated again and again that the laity can reach people that the priest never sees, and the mission of spreading the Gospel is in some cases a duty that we dare not neglect. For this reason the study of Religion should be one of our principal branches.



WITH THE THOUGHT of the Commencement play in mind it would be well to speak about the means one should take to obtain a part in it. No one can expect to take up a difficult role, if he has never shown any ability. Private programs are the principal means of showing this ability, and by exerting yourselves to make your parts in such entertainments successful, you may rest assured that you will not be forgotten when the time comes for the appointment of characters. Added to this, a faithful and conscientious performance of the minor roles will certainly help you very much in obtaining more important parts in future plays.



“KNOCK AND THE WORLD knocks with you.” There is a species of animal called the “knocker”. Most apparently its mission in this life is that of the harpy, to destroy. But they differ in this that the harpy destroyed tangible objects, and the knocker destroys ideals. But “sweet are the uses of adversity.” The knocker’s mission is not always a reason for despair, for it never attacks anything but success, and therefore, as soon as we realize this, we should feel complimented and encouraged to continue. Hence, taken in its right sense, the knocker is not an animal of destruction, but is only a force to make one strive to reach the summit. So, here’s to the knocker; may it live long and prosper!



SOME TIME AGO there was called to his reward one of the best friends of St. Joseph's College and widely known priests of the diocese of Ft. Wayne, Father Fred. Wiechmann. Father Wiechmann had labored for thirty-eight years in the vineyard of the Lord, and there are thousands of homes which owe to him their peace and happiness.

He was a powerful and pleasing speaker, and his eloquence was irresistible. In the cause of temperance he had but few superiors, if any. "His friends", said Bishop O'Donahue of Indianapolis, at his funeral, "were as numerous as his acquaintances." This explains Father Wiechmann's disposition better than the longest eulogy. To know him was to love him.

Every student of St. Joseph's was his friend, and it gave him the greatest pleasure to be among us with his cheery manners and bright, jovial talk. Father Wiechmann had been in poor health for about five years, and the last year had been full of suffering. Let us hope that he has now reached the haven of eternal rest and joy. R. I. P.



## Acknowledgements.

WE hereby desire to express our thanks and appreciation of several donations of books, which have been made to the College Library during the past year.

The Rev. Adolph Schott, C. PP. S., of Chicago, Ill., favored us with the first collection consisting of some two hundred volumes. They cover especially the theological, homiletic, and literary field, and are hence of particular value to the College Library. A complete set of "Cantu", the Italian historian, and an encyclopedia of "Presidents' Messages" are deserving of particular mention.

Shortly before the holidays we again received a number of books from Rev. Fr. Guendling of Peru, Ind. Among them are several complete sets of "Maria Laach", the great Jesuit organ, and the "Ecclesiastical Review". We desire to express our special appreciation for the "Maria Laach", as we have but a limited number of this periodical on our shelves.

The late Fr. Wichmann of Gas City, Ind., has also bestowed a goodly portion of his library upon the College. His donation comprises some very desirable works, among others a complete set of the "Catholic Quarterly Review", and other valuable reference works.

Finally, Father Gregory Jussel, C. PP. S., has placed on the shelves of the Columbian Society some very fine and valuable works, mostly of a historical character. Among them are some of the best recent publications on Church History and the early History of America.

Through these kind remembrances on the part of our esteemed friends the College Library has materially increased in size and completeness, and it affords us the greatest pleasure to acknowledge and express anew our gratitude towards our benefactors.

B. C. '08.

## Exchanges.

OUR thoughts were anything but unpleasant as we glanced at the noble array of journals before us. We thought of the future of College Journalism, and above all, of the future of Catholic literature. But, unfortunately, a paragraph in the *Agnesian* caught our eye, and our mind received a complaining turn. The *Agnesian* mentions that it has been passed unnoticed by many of its exchanges. This reminds us that we had been habitually neglected by *The Xavier*, *The Mt. St. Mary's Record*, *The St. John's Collegian*, to whom we regularly send a copy. Though it is far from our purpose to beg, we would feel more satisfied did we know the reason of their failure to appear.

Since writing the above we have received the *St. John's Collegian*, and found it as well edited as of yore.

*The Laurel* expresses surprise that such a magazine as *The College Spokesman* continues as a quarterly. "We always thought", it says, "that literary material was the only requisite wanting to make a change from a quarterly to a monthly." No, indeed; there are other reasons in favor of quarterlies or bi-monthlies. It means a saving of time, trouble, and expense. The monthly has very little in its favor, at least not at a small College, except that it is a better medium of news.

At the beginning of the new semester we were honored by the visit of *The Manhattan Quarterly*. We esteem it an honor indeed. Somehow or other, the idea would not leave us that we held some great magazine, say the *Champlain Educator*. We especially admire and would encourage the *Quarterly's* steps towards originality in the latter part of the journal.

"Calderon", an article of general remarks on Spain's great dramatist in *St. John's University Record*, is of the kind we would advise. Such essays on subjects from general literature implies a widened sphere of knowledge. The author of "Calderon" seems well conversant with Spanish literature. A little more poetry and a story now and then would lighten and brighten the pages of the *Record*.

*The Academia* is among the most modest of our friends. It is always light and airy, and its articles seem to plead but for a moment's recognition. We like this modesty—it becomes even a college journal. If we of the uninitiated are allowed an opinion, the description of "Mrs. Black's Visit to the City" is reminiscently realistic.

*The St. Vincent College Student* offers an essay, a votive offering, to Joan of Arc. Well, the "Student" comes from far off California; that is an excuse. "The Queen of Night" is a pretentious bit of "moonlight" poetry. Its fancy is really "Californian in luxuriance." We cannot help being of the opinion that the Rosecrans family are the only ones capable of producing matter for the "Student".

The January number of the *Viatorian* has three or four able essays—none too heavy, nor anyway flimsy; just the kind a student wishes to read during leisure hours. "Yellow Literature" is a well pointed imprecation of the "trash" nowadays published under the name of "books". After reading this essay we felt, by far more than before, that it is for us college journalists to point our pens for many a future literary fray. "Children in Shakespeare" is new and interesting phase of the works of the unfathomable Bard of Avon.

It seems the *Agnesian's* pretensions are not over-ambitious. The articles are merely short compositions on indifferent subjects. But there we must stop with our strictures; for they are always literary and interesting—written in graceful and pure English. "Inconstancy" is a fine poem with a beautiful thought on the passing of the old year.



*The Niagara Index* is the heaviest laden of our exchanges. Philosophy galore! and when its editors do stoop to write a small poem, it is lost in the shadow of such articles as "Dependence of the Intellectual Cognition on the Senses." To publish a story in its over-dignified pages would be an insult. However, we are glad to acknowledge that the *Index* is always scholarly, and written in good English.

*The St. Mary's Sentinel* is small but strong. We like to see such a goodly budget of fine articles with subjects so varied and choice. "The Immortality of Influence" is an essay well worthy to grace the pages of any of our great monthlies. The story, "The Langtree Ball", is novel in treatment; but the effort for originality is too apparent.

*The Mountaineer* always steps in upon us with the self-confidence of an old-timer. Never trying to dazzle, it is always in earnest. The January number was in mourning for the death of many tried friends; and it has several pages devoted to laudatory obituaries. One was extremely well written, even if slightly extravagant. "The Conscience of the Nation" is a well digested and concise arraignment of our government's too numerous faults. It is written with the clear-sightedness of a statesman—perhaps, a future statesman!

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

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### Athletics.

Want of space compels us to omit an extended account of athletic activities. We wish to say, though, that the prospects for a successful base-ball season are very good, in spite of the loss of such good men as Monahan, Hilgerink, Hasser, and Fisher.

Something novel was given us on Washington's Birthday by the newly organized Turners. Their performance was highly pleasing. Especially good were C. Scholl; also H. Dues and F. Pierce as clowns. We cannot commend and encourage their efforts too highly.

## New Books.

IT is our pleasure to call attention to a number of new books of fiction by Catholic authors, which have recently appeared from the Press of Benziger Brothers. They are all charmingly written, and will make delightful reading for the family, but of special interest are the volumes of short stories, which we review below.

*"Where the Road Led"*—and other Stories. Benziger Bros. Price: \$1.25.

*"Where the Road Led"*, written by Anna T. Sadlier, is an animated story and well told. A chance-met maiden, by some hospitable act, has turned unhappy prospects into blissful ones; and in this as well as in some of the stories that follow, we realize the fact that "natures are rounded out by success, but more by trials."

A quaint little narrative entitled *"Annunciata"*, by Clara Mulholland gives us a striking picture of Italian life. The other stories are no less entertaining and elevating, and all possess literary merit, as the names of the authors will attest. Maurice F. Egan, Mary T. Waggaman, Mary E. Mannix are among the writers represented in this volume.

B. W. '06.

*"For the White Rose"*. By Catharine T. Hinkson. Benziger Bros. Price: \$.45.

This is one of those simple, yet interesting tales we love to take up in moments of rest and recreation. The scenes are taken from that fertile portion of English History, the time of the Wars of the Red and White Roses. While we do not wish to encourage the tendency to seek among foreign ruins for plots, there being material enough nearer home, still the period with which the story deals is an interesting

one, and the alien atmosphere does not detract from its merits as an interesting tale of heroic fidelity. It would be a suitable and appropriate gift for any occasion. V. M. '06.

*"Juvenile Round Table"*. Benziger Bros. Price: \$1.00.

The third series of the Juvenile Round Table is now on the market; and, like its predecessors, it contains a collection of first-class short-stories—twenty in all. They are mostly tales of adventure, but a few carry us into calmer atmospheres, to witness some beautiful and touching scenes. These stories must of very necessity absorb the interest of youthful readers. E. P. '06.

*"Mary the Queen"*. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Benziger Bros. Price: \$ .50.

It was, and always will be, one of the principal cares of the Church to foster a deep and filial love towards the Mother of our Lord. Youth, being the period when religious impressions can be most deeply instilled, the Church encourages the publication of books for the young people, bearing on this topic. Among those that have recently been published we find that that instructive little book, entitled *"Mary the Queen"*. This volume is well adapted for the little ones. It is written in a simple and colloquial style, and is sure to please them. J. B. '06.

*"One Afternoon and Other Stories"*. Benziger Brothers. Price: \$ 1.25.

This pretty book, which receives its name from the first story, contains twenty-one short stories by Marion Ames Taggart. All are told in a pleasant manner, and are good and wholesome reading for young and old. *"Elisabeth"*, *"The Madonna of the Falling Leaf"*, and *"The Passing of Pippa"* are the most interesting and instructive. *"The Hope of the Kerners"* and *"The Professor's Christmas Gift"* are also delightfully told. M. S. '06.

*"The Children of Cupa."* By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Bros. Price: \$ .45.



Mary E. Mannix offers to the public an interesting and instructive account of the present circumstances of the Indians out West in her new book, "The Children of Cupa." The firm Christian character and friendly manner of the Indians are so contrasted with the mistreatment by the whites, as to incline the reader to compassion for these forsaken creatures, bereft, as they are, of everything. The book is not as captivating, perhaps, as a story by Conan Doyle, yet, it is of sufficient interest to warrant a pleasing perusal, the more so, since at present the Indian question is so much discussed. O. K. '06.

"*The Dollar Hunt.*" From the French, by E. G. Martin. Benziger Bros. Price: \$.45.

A good story of high French and American Society.

"*The Violin Maker.*" From the German by Sara T. Smith. Benziger Bros. Price: \$.45.

An interesting and elevating tale of the seventeenth century.

"*Wayward Winifred.*" By Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Bros. Price: \$1.25.

The scene of this story is laid in Ireland, amid the green hills and picturesque waterfalls of Bicklow. The air of mystery surrounding its characters and the vein of good humor running through the story make it exceedingly attractive. M. E. '06.

"*Musings and Memories*". By Timothy Edw Howard. The Lakewood Press, Chicago, Ill. Price: \$.75.

This volume contains a number of light, harmonious outbursts of poetical inspiration; but they are lacking in strength, in that power of impression which is the mark of enduring poetry. They have, however, the note of sincerity, and are not without melody, and will be read with pleasure by all. The book is beautifully printed by R. R. Donnelly & Sons. M. S. '06.

## Personal.

“HONOR to whom honor is due.” The distinction bestowed by the Pope upon one of the Ft. Wayne Diocese’s favored sons is heartily approved by the many College friends of Monsignor Oechtering. We, too, repeat the Holy Father’s words that we “appreciate the estimable qualities of head and heart” of the newly made Monsignor. It is our pride to have Father Oechtering for our friend; and we ask the Giver of all Good to bless and preserve him, that he may long adorn the priesthood, of which he is such an esteemed and efficient member.

On December 31st, one of our former students had the supreme happiness of reading his First Holy Mass, namely, Edmund Ley, '00. The event occurred at Anderson, Ind., which is the young priest’s home. The celebrant’s assistants were Rev. H. Lear, C.P.P.S., Rev. William Hordeman, Rev. Basil Didier, C.P.P.S., Rev. J. Crawley, Marion, Ind., Rev. Edmund Ley of Manitou, Colorado. The latter, an uncle of the young priest, preached the sermon. After services, all repaired to the home of Father Ley’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ley. Father Ley will be stationed at Anderson, Ind. May God bless his labors, and bestow much happiness upon His priest.

We condole with Mr. Wm. Flaherty '04, in twofold loss and grief. Shortly after William had commenced his second seminary year the ruthless messenger of death summoned him to the bed-side of his brother. Slowly the dreadful malady of consumption claimed its victim. As if not content with this harvest, yet another member of the sorely stricken family was soon after called to his eternal home. After the Holidays had been spent in this atmosphere of death, Mr. Flaherty again returned to the Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. May the calm of his retreat and the gentle hand of time soothe the wounds of our companion and cherished friend!

It is regretted that Mr. Henry Hipskind of Wabash, Ind. was obliged for the second time to discontinue his studies on account of sickness. We hope that he will soon be able to resume his course, and thus gladden the hearts of his parents, relatives, and college associates.

Rev. Mark Hamburger C.P.P.S., the former English professor of St. Joseph's has been elected to the honorable office of Secretary of the Community of the Precious Blood. His former pupils and friends rejoice at hearing of his successful labor in building up the new mission at Cincinnati.

Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati conferred Major Orders on the class '01, at Carthage, Ohio, immediately previous to the Holidays. During the same week the newly ordained deacons assisted at various places, and at the same time delivered their first sermons. Our congratulations upon their admission to the ranks of the clergy.

Father Benedict Boebner, C. P. P. S., called at the College, on the occasion of the retreat to the Brothers at St. Joseph's Brotherhouse.

The faculty had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. John K. Miller, Freeport, Ill., and Rev. J. P. Van Treek, Sheboygan, Wis. Both, we hope, will soon repeat their call, and see St. Joseph's in its spring attire.

Other visitors were: Rev. D. A. Brackman C.P.P.S., and Rev. P. Trost C.P.P.S., Carthage, O.; Mr. F. Post, Celina, O.; Miss Christina Post, Wendelin, O.; Mr. Frank Durler, Belleville, Ill.; Mr. Wm. Coffeen, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Kate Selgrath, Peru, Ind.; Messrs. Charles and Frederick Hipskind, Wabash, Ind.; Mr. Henry Barnard, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. Frank Zink, St. Mary's, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Mecklenborg, Springfield, O.

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The COLLEGIAN extends its deepest sympathies to St. Viator's and to the VIATORIAN on the loss of its splendid college buildings by fire. We hope that the college will soon be rebuilt, and will not be transferred to Urbana or any other place, for we have no desire to lose our courteous and kind neighbor.



## Societies.

**C.L.S.** Owing to the proximity of the Semi-annual examinations, no programs are held during January. The first meeting was had Feb. 4th, at which the following officers were chosen: President, Othmar Knapke; vice-pres., J. A. Sullivan; secretary, J. Bryan; treasurer, D. Fitzgerald; critic, A. Wittman; editor, H. Dues; marshall, J. Gallagher; ex. com., J. Seimetz, C. Boeke, I. Collins.

Anthony Knapke recently rejoined the society.

A new as well as an interesting feature on the program of Feb. 11th was the disputation. The defender advances the proposition and maintains it by arguments. These the first objector tries to disprove and the defender rises again to confute the first objector's arguments. The second objector then rises to point out whatever fallacy he has found in the defender's argumentation. Finally the defender has another chance to clear himself. This is an excellent exercise to promote extemporaneous speaking.

This was the program: Dramatic Recitation—"Smiting the Rock," J. Bryan; Essay—"The Gaelic Movement," J. McCarthy; Piano and Violin duet—"Selections from Faust," Ed. Pryor and C. Uhl; Select Reading—"Patrick Connor," F. Koper; Comic Recitation—"Dude on a Horse Car," C. Scholl; Oration—"Dedication of Washington Monument," F. May; Piano, Violin, and Cornet-trio—A. Knapke, C. Uhl, O. Knapke; Disputation—"The Uneducated enjoy life more than the Educated," Defendent, Ed. Freiburger, 1st Objector I. Collins, 2nd Objector J. A. Sullivan; Recitation—"John Maynard," W. Donahue; Humorous Recitation, "Sockery Setting the Hen," B. Condon.

In the disputation, Mr. Freiburger easily upheld his proposition.

**S. X. G. L. S.** The German Society has also a new staff of officers: President, O. Knapke; vice-president, I. Weis; secretary, H. Grube; critic, A. Linneman; marshall, T. Koenn; librarian, P. Termer; ex. com., I. Collins, I. Weis, and P. Wieze.

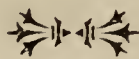
**St. Stanislaus Altar Society.** Among the Acolytes the following received an office, Feb 3rd: President, B. Brugger; vice-president, L. Blottman; secretary, W. Mecklenborg; censor, J. Boland; sergeant-at-arms, M. Green. B. Breene and J. Selgraf gained admittance on the above date. On St. Joseph's Day the servers will appear in new attire; new cassocks having been purchased.

**Marian Sodality.** Celestine Frericks, Nicholas Allgeier and John Becker were chosen Prefect, 1st and 2nd Assistant respectively.

**S. J. C. B.** We are glad to note that Co. C is now drilling with guns. Get the movements down pat, "Cs"! After your first appearance in public you'll see "sore heads" in the Companies A and B because they do not know how to handle guns. Capt. Pryor deserves encouragement for the time and pains he is forced to devote to drills.

**A. L. S.** The Aloysians recently elected the following officers: President, O. Muhlenbrink; vice-pres., F. Hanly; sec., N. Snelker; treas., J. Griesheimer; editor, J. Donahue; marshall, B. Voors; ex. com. H. Berghoff, U. Fox. L. Brunner; librarian, E. Bickel.

B. W. '06.



## The Aloysians' Play.

THE Aloysians had the privilege this year of entertaining the inmates of the College, and our visitors, and it must be said that they have done so with the greatest credit. They have added another feather to their cap in the rendition of a romantic little play, entitled "The Triumph of Justice." The play was most prettily and effectively staged, and the rendition very good, considering the age of the actors; at times it approached perfection. In general it may be said that the voices were clear, even if a little weak, and that the acting was smooth and elegant. In a few instances it lacked in strength. In one scene there was not sufficient interest and emotion in a dramatic moment on the part of some. In movement, especially of the eyes and hands, all excelled, but some were not so good in attitude.

Mr. O. Muhlenbrink as Captain Xavier was again the surprise of the evening. He is easily the star actor among the Aloysians. We have rarely seen one that is so perfectly at home on the stage and lives so thoroughly in his part. He is as flexible as decisive, and remarkably good in action as well as speech. The gentlemen has great histrionic abilities, which he reinforces by diligent practice.

F. Hanly as Rigolio was a close second, he is especially good in facial expression. Hardly less maritorious were J. Nageleisen as Claudio, and Williams as Myrtillo, and B. Brugger as Agostino. Of the others we would make special mention of J. Griesheimer as Pablo, J. Donahue as Estevan and H. Berghoff as the baron.

The pages contributed not a little to the beauty of the play. We must not omit to mention the work of Ed. Pryor. The facial make-up was particularly fine.

Mr. F. Szwirschina had again provided a splendid set of Costumes.

Our congratulations to the Aloysian society and to their director, Father Ildefonse.

Following is the cast:—

Baron.....	H. Berghoff.
Claudio } Sons to the Baron, and Nephews to	{ N. Nageleisen.
Agostino {	{ B. Brugger.
Capt. Xavier.—A kind-hearted Naval Officer.....	O. Muehlenbrink.
Rigolio.—A Military friend of Xavier.....	F. Hanley.
Myrtillo.—A dumb orphan.....	R. Williams.
Estevan.—The falsely accused.....	J. Donahue.
Pablo.—Chief Steward, rather eccentric, and fond of good living.....	J. Griesheimer.
Casparido.—A goat-herd.....	J. Vurpillat.
Genedict. }	{ J. Dahlinghaus.
Bomaso. }	{ L. Brunner.
Tarlo. }	{ W. Franze.
Pedro. }	{ F. Dine.
Officers {	{ J. Dahlinghaus.
	{ W. Franze.
Companions of Myrtillo and Agostino :—	F. Dine, W. Mecklenburg, M. Green, J. Brown, A. Berghoff, R. Mecklenburg.
Attendants, goat-herds, and peasants.	



## Oratory Contest.

ON St. Joseph's Day, March 19th, the Senior Class will contend for honors in Oratory. The contest will be held in the College Hall, and promises to be a very interesting one. We hope many of our friends will attend, especially of the Clergy and Alumni. The subjects chosen are the following:



"Pius IX.", Maurice Ehleringer;—"Public Dishonesty," Celestine Frericks;—"Why Do We Hold the Philippines," O. Knapke;—"Vindication of General Rosecrans," J. Becker;—"Heroes of Obscurity," V. Meagher;—"Pluck is a Hero: Luck is a Fool," M. Helmig;—"Robert Morris," M. Shea;—"The Historian's Responsibility," E. Pryor;—"Ideals," B. Wellman.

Needless to say, the Compositions are the work of each speaker, and judgment will be upon composition as well as delivery.



### Jottings.

No doubt the old boys will gladly hear of the prospects of class '06. Since they came into "conjunction" they desire to remain in "Zizigy". Mr. Wellman has made arrangements with Venus for a lawyer's location. As he possesses some sway in that sphere, he can hold court occasionally near the sun. Mike Shea is desirous of cultivating the plains of Jupiter and thither he will go in an automobile. Mr. Pryor is going to Saturn, there to build a residence and to read Dickens all day long. Maurice dotes on Mercury, has a free ticket, but waits for further developments in the invention of governable airships. Victor wants a fixed star as he does not like the nomadic life. He would like Sirius, but since that star is in the Dog's mouth, he might get bitten, and all poetry would get hydrophobic. John only wants a "forty" on Uranus. Mathew has opened a tailoring establishment on Guspuski Ave. where he sits tailor fashion in the "Lady's Chair." Othmar is going to the milky way on the big bear's tail. Celestine has taken a four acre patch on the left side of the right node of the moon where he intends to observe the earth.

There was a boy in our College  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He dreamed he had so much knowledge,  
But sure, 'twas in disguise.

If it takes three feet to make a yard, how many bottles of mucilage does it take to make a yard stick? Answer in next number.

The eclipse of Feb. 8th. was exciting in the extreme. Some claimed that the moon turned wholly around; others, that a cow jumped over it, and still others, that Bumpsie forgot to turn on the gas. Later—One more excitable than the rest thought the eclipse would appear again the following night.

### Sliding on the Lake.

“COME on, boys, the lake's froze over,”  
Loudly shouted Donahue,  
“Gee, she's slick as glass can make 'em,  
And she's solid through and through.”

Freiburger forgot his story,  
“Vurp” came flying from the gym;  
Gallagher in haste to get there  
Left behind poor “Sunny Jim.”

“Gloomy,” calm in such excitement,  
Laid his “drama” pen aside,  
Otto from the dreams of Bookland  
Ran to take a “giant slide.”

“Socrates” joined in the chorus,  
Skated as in days of yore,  
Thinking, “This is inspiration,  
Food for poetry galore.”

How they slid and kept on sliding  
'Mid the shouts and loud bazoons;  
Franz slid on his neck and shoulders,  
Seimetz on his pantaloons.

Frei and Otto came together  
Down went Otto, 'twas a fright;  
For he saw the stars of heaven,  
Though it was in broad daylight.

How the ice did creak and crackle!  
And they blamed it on to him,  
But Frei vowed, 'twas not the falling,  
But because the ice was thin.

So they slid and kept on sliding,  
Ran and slid and slipped and fell;  
And I suppose they'd still be sliding,  
But the Prefect rang the bell.

Last Christmas O'Donnell went to visit Ed. Vurpillat at Winamac, Ind. In the course of their strollings they went to the Pennsylvania depot. As they were looking along the tracks something black shot across their visions.

"What was that, Vurp.?" said O'Donnell.

Well, we can't know exactly what it is, but the ticket agent thinks it is the milk train.

"Bill Bailey" says that four tom-cats with their tails tied together and a tin can between them could not make more noise than the minims placed together in the gym.

According to Schnelker sound travels at the rate of about three feet per minute. He figured it out thus: The bell rang at 5-45 and he got up at 6; consequently it took 15 minutes for the sound to reach him.

On the Wood Pile. Hank *saw* Matt *saw* and nearly *split*.

Mythology modernized: One day Karl, perambulating on his "forty", saw in a secluded corner an old wood pile. Imagining himself to be Hercules about to perform one of his twelve labors, he spat in his hands, rubbed them Zink-like, and seizing a saw sawed all day. When he thought he had sawed sufficient he came to John, who was deep in astronomy, and told him about his labors. John said he saw it all, having been on a visit to Jupiter, from whence a new supply of wood had been ordered.

Mac: "*Die* Butter or *der* butter?"

Carl (evasively): "*Der* Butter, when it is strong."

John Becker: "How many teeth has an elephant?"

Hank Post: "Why, a whole trunk full.

The R. S. C. wishes to thank Rev. F. Koch for the present of a box of fine cigars. Here's to your health, Father!

How is this?—

Now again for spring we yearn,  
Time most welcome and sublime;  
And our hearts with fervor burn  
For the joyful vernal time.

N. A.



## From the "Merchant of Venice".

MODERNIZED VERSION.

*(Founded upon an incident in the Smoking Club.)*

**I** have possessed your grace of what I do purpose,  
 And by our rusty smokestack have I sworn  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
 If you deny it, let a danger fall  
 Upon your cigar box and that at large.  
 You'll ask me why I do prefer to have  
 My pipe of clay than to receive the walk  
 A week or so: I will not answer that;  
 But, say, it is my humor: is it answered?  
 What if my lung be troubled with a cold  
 And I be pleased to take a hundred pills  
 To have it banned? What, are you answered?  
 Some men there are, like not a stogie well;  
 Some that turn mad if they should snuff;  
 For variance.—  
 Mistress of taste, doth sway it to the mood  
 Of what it hates or likes. Now for an answer:  
 As there is no true reason to be given,  
 Why he cannot abide the stogie smoke;  
 And he, a harmless pinch or so of snuff;  
 So can I give no reason nor will not,  
 More than a lodged taste and certain liking  
 I bear my pipe of clay, that I follow thus  
 A winning suit for it. Are you answered?

—MAX. '06.

If Frank Gribba can get four shines out of a box of polish; what size of a shoe does he wear?

Paul Wiese: "Mr. Brown, is there any danger of the gold affecting my nerves? You know, my nature deviates from the path of ordinary mortals." The dentist: "Well, sir, those antediluvian canines and incisors cannot help jarring the whole constitution at every collision, and teeth with such ancestry will certainly result in eccentricities."

All poets have long hair; but Paul Miller has long hair;  
 Ergo: Paul Miller is a poet.